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THE PRESIDENT SAYS

THAT THE STATE OF AFFAIRS IN FLORIDA CANNOT BE TOLERATED.

He Writes to the Attorney-General—And the Attorney-General Writes to the U. S. Marshal—And Tells Him What to Do—And How to Do It.

[By United Press.]
WASHINGTON, April 26.—The President has sent to Attorney General Miller the following letter:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
April 24th, 1890.

TO THE ATTORNEY GENERAL:

SIR:—I have had frequent occasions during the last six months to confer with you in reference to the obstruction offered in the counties of Leon, Gadsden, Madison and Jefferson, in the State of Florida, to the execution of the process of the courts of the United States. It is not necessary to say more of the situation than that the officers of the United States are not suffered freely to exercise their lawful functions. This condition of things cannot be longer tolerated.

You will therefore instruct United States Marshal Weeks, as soon as he is qualified, to proceed to at once execute such writs of arrests as may be placed in his hands. If he apprehends resistance, he will employ such civil posse as may seem adequate to discourage resistance or to overcome it. He should proceed with calmness and moderation, which should always attend a public officer in the execution of his duty, and at the same time with firmness and courage that will impress the lawless with a wholesome sense of the danger and futility of resistance. You will assure the officers of the law, and those who have foolishly and wickedly thought to set the law at defiance, that every resource lodged with the Executive of the constitution and the laws will, as the necessity arises, be employed to make it safe and possible to hold a Federal commission and to execute the duties it imposes.

Very Respectfully,

BENJ. HARRISON.
Acting upon the advice of the President, Attorney-General Miller, to-day sent the following letter to Marshal Weeks:

WASHINGTON, April 26, 1890

ROBT. G. WEEKS, U. S. Marshal,
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

SIR:—You have doubtless seen this received your commission as United States Marshal for the Northern District of Florida. For several months in your district, warrants of arrest, issued by U. S. Courts, have not been executed, because of resistance, actual and threatened, by those sought to be arrested and their partisans. This state of things cannot longer be tolerated. A letter from the President, of which I enclose a copy, speaks for itself. You will at once proceed upon the lines indicated in that letter, and report promptly any attempt to interfere with you in the discharge of your duties. I am informed that recently in some places, the marshal seeking to serve writs in ordinary civil cases has been refused the ordinary accommodations, such as horse hire, hotel entertainment, &c., to enable such service to be performed. By such means the officers of the government can be put to great inconvenience, but they cannot, and will not be prevented from executing the process of the court. Means can, and will be found for transporting and subsisting the government officers wherever it is necessary for them to go in order to arrest and bring into court offenders against the law.

Very Respectfully,

W. H. H. MILLER

THE FLOOD SUFFERERS.

Immediate and Active Efforts Towards their Relief.

WASHINGTON, April 26.—Secretary Proctor, since Congress yesterday placed at his disposal \$150,000 for the immediate relief of the sufferers of the Mississippi river floods, has been exerting himself to carry into immediate effect the wishes of Congress and at the same time not distribute the money in a wasteful way. He to-day instructed Major Robinson, quartermaster, U. S. A., and Capt. Weston, commissary U. S. A., at New Orleans, La., to take immediate steps for the relief of urgent cases and to furnish such persons with the necessary provisions, clothing, covering, etc. He has also telegraphed the Governors of Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas to designate State officials who will act in conjunction with U. S. army officers, who will be assigned to duty in connection with affording relief to the people in the afflicted districts contiguous to the Mississippi river.

MURDERED FOR WHAT?

A Negro Kills a White Man—for no Known Motive or Reason.

[By United Press.]

AUGUSTA, Ga., April 26.—While John Nash was sitting in his store at McArthur, Ga., on Thursday evening, a negro entered the store and asked him to step outside as he wanted to speak to him. Mr. Nash went out. As he did not return his partner went in search of him, and found him on the road dead with his head almost severed from his body. No one knows who the negro is or anything of the motive for the murder.

JUDGE HILTON MAD.

And will Prosecute the "World" for its Publications.

New York, April 26.—It is reported that Judge Hilton has taken steps to prosecute the World for its publication of articles referring to him in an offensive way in connection with the Stewart property.

THE DAVIS SCHOOL.

Winston-Salem Gets This Big Military School.

The Davis School will be moved from La Grange to Winston-Salem. The school will be located a short distance from town. Splendid buildings will be erected on large and elegant grounds. Work will begin immediately, a big force of workmen will be employed, and the buildings will be ready for the opening of the school next September.

A COMING CITY.

The Town of Murphy Has a Bright Future Before It.

Ex-Senator Cooper, of Cherokee, who has been attending the Supreme court, tells the CHRONICLE that Murphy continues to grow and the outlook is very good for a large town in the early future. Murphy, situated as it is, nearly in a central position between Asheville, N. C., and Chattanooga, Tenn., on a western and eastern line, and between Knoxville and Atlanta on a north and south line, surrounded by the large territory in which it is located—these advantages necessarily make it a common point of delivery. Among other advantages possessed by Murphy are its large marble and iron deposits which are miles around and up to and within the corporation. This marble is of fine quality and of various colors. The iron ore is of the best quality of brown hematite and other qualities. There are also large deposits of talc which is used for many purposes and is quite valuable. The county has unexcelled water power, consisting of Hiawassa Valley, and Nolli rivers and many smaller streams. They afford sufficient water power for machinery and manufacturing purposes. The location is near the Southern travel, and will be easily accessible to Northern travellers. Its climate is perfect, and is destined to rival Asheville as a resort for Northerners in winter and Southerners in summer. With the railroads now constructed and to be constructed, it will be a rival of the Queen City of the West.

OFFICIAL TO N. C. TEACHERS.

The Seventh Session of the Assembly—The Features of the Meeting—Fees, Expenses, &c.

An event of special importance to the teachers of North Carolina will be the seventh annual session of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly at Morehead City, June 17-30, 1890.

Men and women of the highest reputation and success in our State, representing every department of education, will be present to meet you and give you their best thoughts and views in professional work.

The meeting will be one of unusual educational value, such as ambitious and progressive teachers cannot afford to lose. It will be a time to make most pleasant and valuable acquaintances, renew and strengthen old friendships, exchange professional experiences with those who are working in lines like your own, and to get broader, deeper and more practical conceptions of popular education.

There will be full and free presentation and discussion of such methods of teaching as are adapted to the peculiar conditions of our educational systems.

Teachers cannot be too strongly urged to be present who desire to become more efficient in their work; to know why the most successful members of the profession succeed; to secure a good school position or a change of location for the fall term; to gain a new educational inspiration, or to recover from the fatigue of a school term by the refreshing sea breeze and the exhilaration of an ocean bath.

The expenses of your trip will be exceedingly light—a two weeks' visit to the Assembly, including round-trip railroad fare from the most distant portion of the State and first-class board at the famous Atlantic Hotel, need not cost over \$25. The total average expense of attendance for the entire session, including railroad fare and board, will not exceed \$18. The professional and social value of the meeting to a teacher will be many times greater than the slight expense of attendance.

The annual fees for membership in the Teachers' Assembly are \$2 for males and \$1 for females. Upon payment of the fee, to the Secretary or Treasurer, a "Certificate of Membership" will be furnished, which will entitle the holder to all special railway and hotel rates and every one of the various privileges of the Assembly session. Friends of education, upon recommendation of county superintendents, are permitted to attend the Assembly on same terms as teachers.

The various railroads of the State have made specially for the Assembly a very liberal rate of about one and a half cents a mile each way. Tickets are good to return any time within six weeks, and permit stopping over on the return trip. The great Atlantic hotel gives first class accommodations to all who hold certificates of membership at a uniform rate of only \$1 per day. The boatmen make reductions for sailing and fishing parties so that these delights may be constantly participated in by all. It will be necessary to show your certificate of membership to the railroad agent at your station when purchasing the teachers' ticket to Morehead City. Be sure that your baggage is CHECKED THROUGH TO MOREHEAD CITY. The secretary will furnish special labels for it upon application.

A cordial invitation is extended to teachers and friends of education of other States to visit the Assembly and enjoy with us the privileges of the session and the delights of the sojourn at our "Educational Capital by the Sea."

HENRY LOUIS SMITH,

President.

EUGENE G. HARRELL,

Secretary.

THE GREAT AND ONLY SAM.

HE IS KNOCKING THE SHELL OFF HYPOCRITES IN CHARLOTTE.

He is Having Big Crowds and is Talking Plain Talk and Telling the People the Truth—Says That Charlotte People Have the Same Meanness and Muleheadedness as They Have in Other Places.

The only Sam P. Jones commenced a meeting in a tabernacle built for him at Charlotte on Friday. We condense the following from the Charlotte Chronicle:

How Sam Looks.

Mr. Jones was dressed in a full suit of black, with Prince Albert coat. He wore a standing collar and a white satin bow cravat. Between 5 feet 8 and 9, he is supple, graceful, easy of carriage, and moves about as if every muscle has its full sway. With black hair and jet black closely cropped mustache, large, soulful eyes, and a mischievous chin, he presents the appearance of a happy and busy Christian. His nose is plain and direct of shape as the man is of purpose. It is not long and thin, nor yet is it fleshy; it is like Mr. Jones himself, a plain every day nose with a keen scent for sin, whilst his eyes beam with tender sympathy for the sinner.

He is a Preacher for the People.

There is no dress parade about Mr. Jones. Illustrating his own methods, he said that he throws his fodder on the ground so that the giraffe and the goat alike can get their fill. That's Mr. Jones all over: he's never above the people. He is down among them, elbowing sinners, and gently nudging them towards the right direction. He doesn't point, but he leads; he preaches, but he preaches practice not theory.

His Sly Pathos and Humor.

From constant practice, his voice has grown deeper, richer, mellower. The sharper intonations of his earlier years as an evangelist are gone. Never ranting, he yet moves by the homeliness of his illustrations, by the sly pathos of his half humorous, half tearful, always soulful voice.

A Pale Cast of Thought.

His face has a pallor denoting labor and confinement indoors. In these years of labor in the vineyard of the Lord, he has thought much. There is an intellectual protrusion above the eyes and forming with the upper lips, that gives Mr. Jones a more thoughtful appearance than the currency of his wit would lead a stranger to suspect. There is about him that "pale cast of thought" that arrests attention, and commands respect.

A Mighty Giant of the Gospel.

At all times he is master of the platform and audience. Never losing self-control, apparently never self-conscious, this mighty giant of the gospel seems to be treated more with the grace of the gospel, than with a consciousness of his intellectual sway of men.

His First Sermon.

His first sermon was on the text, "Brethren, if any of you do err," &c. We make a synopsis from the News: God, with all His omnipotent power is utterly powerless to save any man without human agency and aid. The devil with all his schemery and cunning devices is utterly powerless to damn any man without human agency and aid. You might ask any Christian man or woman in this audience to-day who it was that brought them to Christ and the answer would be a mother, brother, father, friend, minister, or maybe a child.

What can the devil do without human agency? He can't run a still-house or barroom. But he can get some man to run the still-house to make the whiskey, another man to sell it and a fool to drink it, and then he's got this machinery working right along. Every man and woman is either a co-worker with God in doing good or a co-worker with the devil—alike on one side or the other. And let me say to you that the most degrading, the meanest job any man or woman ever engaged in was to co-work with the devil. It is I want you Christian folks to co-work with us preachers and help bring Charlotte to God. You have been depending on your pastors to do all the work and run the devil out of town. No doubt they do their best, but they have been running the devil like I once saw a dog running a hog—the dog was in front. Something must be done, so let us get down to it.

I don't want you to imagine that I am personal in any remarks I may make. I am never personal in anything I say. I just "hew to the line" you know, and if you get your head chopped off, or lose a foot or toe it ain't because I am personal and striking at you, but because you are on my line. Don't you see the point? Sometimes I shoot down in a hole. Now if a fellow's down there, he'll come out. And I have seen 'em come out and chuck full of shot and then swear they hadn't been in the hole.

I never preach on regeneration. That is the divine side and I let God take care of it. I always preach on the human side and it takes all the sense I've got to handle it.

I have understood that you folks claim Charlotte to be a "peculiar town." Now it's all false at the bottom. I expect you've got just the same meanness and muleheadedness here as they have at other places. One thing certain: I ain't going to put on any airs while I am here. I am going to preach just as I can; just say what I please, go where I please, and I ain't going away until I please, too. Some of you folks may not like my style and want to drum me out of town, but I've got the drums and won't loan 'em, and if you fool with me I'll drum you out. You may think there's too much levity in my sermons, but if you will take my jokes home with you and crack 'em you will find a hornet in every one of them. But my! you don't need solemn preaching to save this town. If solemn preaching would save it, Charlotte would have wings right now. Why you've got some preachers here that when you meet them you think you run right on a burial service.

Let me tell you; when a fellow has paid his debts, prayed with his family

at night and morning, visited the sick and been working for God and the right—when he goes into church he can wear a smile a mile broad. But let a fellow rob an old widow woman, never pray with his family, cheat and do meanness generally and when he goes to church he'll look powerful solemn. If anything makes me sick it is to see a preacher vomiting out tombstones without any inscriptions on 'em. I don't know what pretensions you people make to elegance and culture, but I'll tell you how I first heard of North Carolina: Some years ago I saw an old man driving a yoke of oxen to a covered wagon with a half starved dog following along under the wagon. I asked him where he was from and he said: "North Carolina, Buncombe county, Tare river." When I go away from here I don't intend to ask you for a certificate of good behavior. In the first place I don't want it, and in the second place I don't think it would do me any good. If you would give me one and I'll pull out a thousand miles from here the people would say they never heard of such a place as Charlotte, North Carolina. So you see it would do me no good. My success here will depend on the manner in which you Christian people co-operate with me in these meetings. I want your help, your co-operation. I understand most of the pastors have already joined in, and I'm mighty glad of that. But of course there are always some who won't co-operate—can't agree. That's perfectly natural, and I don't fall out with anybody for that. If you see me dipping down in grammar you needn't go off and say Sam Jones is an ignoramus for I ain't. I am just trying to get down on a level with my crowd. I always put the fodder on the ground and then it can be reached by a giraffe or a goat. You hear everybody talking now about "going to hear Sam Jones." That's the way all talk for the first day or two—then they change and say "Going to meeting." Some old fellows say they are going every time. Others say they ain't going at all. If you meet any of this last named sort tell them that I say for them to please do come; that I don't see how in this world we can run the meetings without 'em. Now I want you Christian people to get down to work and help save souls. Some of you have been church members for twenty years and have never saved a single soul. A young lady told me once that she had a dream that aroused her. She dreamed that she died and her spirit went home to God and to heaven. While in that great throng of heavenly spirits she noticed that every spirit had upon their head a crown and their crowns were bedecked with shining stars. "What do these stars mean?" she asked and was told that every star represented a soul that the spirit wearing it had won to Christ on earth. Then she took off her own crown and looked, and it was starless, and right there in heaven she became miserable. When she awoke and found it was all a dream, she thanked God and went to work to win stars for her crown.

You can talk about your celebrations and fairs and they are all right when properly managed, but let me tell you the biggest day Charlotte ever witnessed will be when we all join hands in bringing the town to God and save the people from death and hell! Some of you people will go on and say you agree with me in what I say but don't like the way I say it. Why, bless your soul! the way I "say it" is all I have a patent right on. I say it so it will stick. Now you church people that won't co-operate with us, and want to shoot off your mouth about the meeting, just keep your carcass out from under this building. We can fill your place with somebody some account.

A WIDOW FORCED TO THE ALTAR AT THE POINT OF A PISTOL.

She Faints Away at the End of the Ceremony—Afterwards She Seeks and Remains Under the Protection of her Parents.

[By United Press.]

FERNANDINA, Fla., April 26.—George R. Hubby, agent for the Mallory Steamship Line and Mrs. Thorpe, a young and highly respectable widow were married on Thursday under very strange circumstances. Mrs. Thorpe says that they were out riding in a carriage when Hubby proposed marriage and was refused. He immediately became greatly excited, and drew a pistol and threatened to kill her if she did not consent. Overwhelmed by his threats she consented. He told her that he would shoot her down at the altar if she did not keep her promise. They then drove to Hubby's residence. An Episcopal minister was called in and the marriage ceremony was performed. The minister says that the lady made all the responses but fainted away when the ceremony was finished. She afterwards managed to escape from the house and fled to the Egmont Hotel and informed her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Col. E. B. Brink, of what had happened. Col. Brink threatens summary vengeance on Hubby. Mrs. Thorpe remains with her parents at the hotel. Mr. Hubby makes no explanation.

DURHAM DOTS.

Sale of a Factory—Personal and Social.

CHRONICLE BUREAU.

DURHAM, N. C., April 26, 1890.

The property of the Durham Sash, Door, and Blind Factory, consisting of building and machinery was sold to-day at auction. Mr. J. B. Cobb was the buyer, the price being \$2,700.

Quite a party of young people gathered at the residence of Col. E. J. Parrish last evening, where a most enjoyable evening was passed.

A goodly number of our citizens will go up to Charlotte this afternoon to hear Sam Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Carr, returned from a northern tour this morning.

Messrs. H. A. Edmondson and J. M. Covington, of South Boston, are at the Claiborne.

Messrs. J. R. Kerr and B. F. Dulse, went up to Charlotte this afternoon.

N. CAROLINA IN NEW YORK.

THERE ARE THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND SOUTHERNERS IN GOTHAM.

Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., Himself One of the Brightest and Biggest, Tells What Some North Carolinians Are Doing in the Metropolis.

[Special Cor. STATE CHRONICLE.]

NEW YORK, April 25.—I have been promising for six months a letter. I will give it this morning, if I have to strain a point. I thought I had been a busy man before moving to New York; but since coming here I know what it is, I think, to be busy. I promise myself to do a thing, and find, six months later, that it had slipped my memory for that short space of time.

There are thousands of Southern people in New York city. There is no city in the north in which there are so many Southerners. There are perhaps nearly three hundred thousand Southern people in New York city. North Carolina has her share. I can only mention in this letter three or four names, reserving others for a future letter.

CHARLES F. DEEMS.

In thinking of North Carolina in New York, the first name that naturally occurs to us is that of Dr. Deems. He is a man of national reputation, a man of international reputation. He is a scholar and an orator. His influence in New York is wide-spread and wholesome. He is one of the New York celebrities. As President of the Institute of Christian Philosophy, his influence is ever broadening. He is the author of several very successful books, a voluminous and successful writer.

It is curious to remember the success Dr. Deems has made in this great metropolitan centre, and compare it with the estimate that some of his North Carolina friends might put upon him. I remember, for instance, one evening the Doctor was booked to lecture in Goldsboro. I eagerly took advantage of the opportunity to see him. To my amazement, I found there were only twelve or thirteen people in the audience. I could not but recall the old saying, that "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." The Doctor laughingly took in the situation, and adjourned the meeting to some other day.

It seems somehow necessary for a man to leave home, in order to become the highest of which he is capable. Henry M. Stanley, the man whose name is now on the lips of the world, kings, princes, and common people, alike doing him honor, when he was in America some years ago, was sometimes greeted with an audience as small as seven.

Dr. Deems reflects great honor upon his native state and church. He is a broad gauged man, built on a broad pattern, thinks big thoughts and lives them in his life. What a pity it is that there is no career for such a man, or there has not been, as yet, at least, in North Carolina. One reason, of course, is that North Carolina is a rural state, has no cities, while the field for modern genius must inevitably be the city. It is useless, for this reason, for us to grieve over the departure of such men. The development of the modern city is a development of the civilization of the age, destined to mighty influence in the future than it has ever had in the past. Such men will inevitably find their home in these centers.

WALTER H. PAGE.

The man I see most of perhaps is your old friend, the founder of the Chronicle, Mr. Page. He is now the manager of the Forum. His office is not far from my church, only across Madison Square, two blocks up Fifth avenue, and I manage to drop in to see him every few days. He is a busy man, on whose shoulders now rests the entire business of this great magazine. He keeps a half dozen clerks and stenographers busy at the work. The magazine has shown the touch of his talent since he took hold of its management. The volume of its business has vastly increased. Its advertising patronage increased without precedent. The dividends to the stockholders have increased accordingly. Mr. Page has good reason to be proud of what he has achieved, thus far in this short time. The Forum is the strongest magazine published in New York of its character, stronger than the North American Review, or than any others that compete in this field. The position he occupies is one of importance and of honor. Mr. Page is a member of the Southern Society and of the New York Reform Club. In the latter, he takes considerable interest. His influence is being felt as a practical power in American political life. As a writer, his articles are eagerly sought by the metropolitan press and well paid for. We have, in Mr. Page, another illustration of what a man can do away from home, that could not be done at home.

The reason for this is very simple. There was no field in North Carolina for such a man, at the time he undertook his work. The great city, with its rush and roar and busy life, could furnish the only field for the capacity and peculiar genius of such a man. Such men find their place as easily as the water finds its level, if they only make up their mind that they will not rest content with anything short of the highest things they may attain. It is laughable, when I reflect upon the estimate that some good friends put upon Page while in Raleigh. I remember I heard it said by several, that he was visionary, not practical—he did not have practical business talent—a good fellow; but lacked business foresight, business tact—a good writer, good thinker; but could not succeed from a business point of view. Yet he has succeeded in the most difficult kind of business, in the most difficult field on the American continent. These talents he undoubtedly possessed, while he was at home. It was not a question of talent; it was a question of opportunity. We are proud that he is a North Carolinian. His life is before him, not behind him,

and you will hear more of him in the future than you have in the past.

DR. J. H. PARKER.

The President of the New York Cotton Exchange is a North Carolinian, Dr. Parker, who hails from the town of Wilson. He is not an old man, though getting a little bald. He is a conspicuous example of a successful business man. He worked his way up from small things to the front rank. He is a man of fine business talent, a man of wide influence in the business world, a man of brains and capacity. He has a home up in the aristocratic quarter—Murray Hill—a home that is a poem in furniture, carpets and frescoes, and his charming wife, who is also a Southern woman, makes you feel at home when you go there. How much he is worth I do not know; but his fortune is well established. He and his family, although not Baptists, attend our church pretty regularly.

JAMES W. OSBORNE, ESQ.

Jim Osborne has his law office at No. 10 Wall street, the firm name being Shepard & Osborne. He is a charming talker, a witty, brilliant fellow, who can make you laugh until the tears come. In describing his early experiences in New York, he says the first thing he discovered when he came here to practice law was that he did not know anything about law; so he dropped his attempts to get business and entered Columbia College for a course in law. He took the Columbia College course, and during this course took such a stand, and so won the estimation of some men of wealth and influence with whom he came in contact, that a business opening was obtained on Wall street. He has been there now, five years, and is doing a good business. That a young lawyer should be able to make his bread and meat, within five years after settling on Wall street, is phenomenal. There are ten thousand young lawyers in New York city who are now working for nothing, with the hope of earning enough to pay board at a second class boarding house, at the end of an apprenticeship of from three to four years. They are graduates of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Columbia and all the great colleges of America. There are two or three of these young college graduates in the office of Shepard & Osborne now, who are working away with might and main, in the hope of making enough to pay board within three or four years. There is no field perhaps in the city in which there is such tremendous pressure as that of law, no field in which success is so hard to achieve. Unless a young man has a fund at home from which to draw, and does not want to starve, a better not venture into New York as a lawyer. In view of these facts, Osborne's success is a conspicuous one. But he comes of a family of lawyers.

His brother Frank, of Charlotte, is to my mind one of the sharpest lawyers I have ever known, North South, East or West. I should like to see him pitted against Colonel Ingersoll in a jury trial in New York. He is one of the few men I know who could, to my mind, successfully stem the torrent of buncombe, of sarcasm, of invective, of pathos and of humor, that Ingersoll hurls at a jury. Frank Osborne could do it, I think, with a great deal better success than the thousand and one lawyers who try it.

I think Jim Osborne is going to make a lawyer of equal power and as greater success in his work than Frank. It will take him longer to do it in New York; but when it is done, success will mean ten times more.

DR. W. B. PRITCHARD.

Within about four years, Will Pritchard has achieved in New York city a permanent and lucrative practice as a physician. This is a remarkable fact. He has made a living from the first, which is more remarkable still. New York turns out doctors by the score and by the hundred, every year. It is the head-quarters for the doctor. Success is hard to achieve. Young doctors toil for years, in the hope of barely making both ends meet. Pritchard has had a lucrative practice now for over two years. His winter he has done more than ever before. It has been a busy year, and he has been worked almost to death; has had to take a brief vacation, recently, to recuperate. It amuses me, when I look back at our college life that we spent together, and think of Will's waywardness and the natural perversity of his methods of study and work, and think now of the seriousness with which he grapples with the difficulties of his work, and the real progress that he is making as a student and practitioner. We cannot always tell by what a man does at college what he will do in life. Will had a good time, when he was at college, and refused to be hampered by the inconveniences of hard work; but he is now one of the hardest workers you can find, happy in the love of his little wife whom he took from her home in North Carolina. He has only begun his career, and we trust and believe that the future holds great things for him, and that he will reflect great honor upon his father and loved ones and his native state. He lives at No. 355 West 58th St. His kitchen is presided over by a native of North Carolina, who is just opening her eyes to the marvels of metropolitan life. Like all Southern people, who come North, he still clings to the negro and prefers their help to any other. When you come to New York, drop in to see him. He will be glad to chat with you; that is, unless you are like some who call, who want to raise funds to get back home. My advice and his advice, to all who come to such a place as New York, is to see to it, above all things, that somewhere stowed away in the pocket there is enough money to buy a return ticket. I am besieged almost every day in the year by somebody who is stranded in this big city. It is simply amazing, the number of folks that migrate here from the four quarters of this big country. There is no school that will teach a man wisdom quicker than to tramp around these streets for about two months, trying to find work, going to two dozen places every day and meeting with the same success, which is simply utter failure. More at another time.

THOMAS DIXON, JR.